*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cocke.
Some ſay that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dares ſtirre abroad,
The nights are wholſome; then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charme;
So hallowed and ſo gracious is that time.
*Hor.* So have I heard, and doe in part beleeve it:
But looke, the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eaſtward hill:
Breake we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeene to night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for upon my life
This ſpirit dumbe to us will ſpeake to him.
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?
*Mar.* Let's doo't I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt convenient. *Exeunt.*

*Flouriſh. Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Councell, as Polonius, and his ſonne Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.*

*Claud.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene,
Th' Imperiall jointreſſe to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auſpicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife, nor have we herein barr'd

Your



Your better wiſdomes,
With this affaire along
Now followes, that you
Holding a weake ſuppoſ
Or thinking by our late
Our ſtate to be diſ-joint
Colleagued with this d
He hath not faild to peſ
Importing the ſurrende
Loſt by his father, with
To our moſt valiant bro
Now for our ſelfe, and f
Thus much the buſineſ
To *Norway*, Uncle of y
Who impotent and bed
Of this his Nephewes p
His further gate herein
The liſts, and full prop
Out of his ſubjects: an
You good *Cornelius*, a
For bearers of this gre
Giving to you no furth
To buſineſſe with the
Of theſe delated Artic
Farewell, and let your
*Cor.Vo.* In that, & all
*King.* We doubt it
And now *Laertes*, wha
You told us of ſome ſu
You cannot ſpeake of
And loſe your voice: w
That ſhall not be my c
The head is not more
The hand more inſtru
Than is the throne of
What wouldſt thou ha
*Laer.* My dread Lo
Your leave and favour

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